

M-50
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THE

Hand that Rocks the World,

BALLAD.

WORDS BY

W. R. WALLACE.

MUSIC BY

J. R. THOMAS.

The Hand That Rocks the World.

BALLAD.

Poetry by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino con moto.

f *poco ritard.* *ten.* *colla voce.* *ritard.* *cresc.* *rall.*

1. Bless - ings on the hand of Wo - man! An - gels guard its strength and grace,
 2. In - fan - cy's the ten - der foun - tain; Pow - er may with Bear - ty flow;

In the pal - ace, cot - tage, hov - el, O, no mat - ter where the place!
 Moth - ers first to guide the stream - lets; From them souls un - rest - ing grow.

Would that nev - er storms as - sailed it; Rain - bows ev - er gent - ly curled;
 Grow on for the good or e - vil, Sun - shine stream'd or darkness hurled;

a tempo
dolce

For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world,
For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks the world,

cres. *ten.* *ritard.* *espress*

For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks..... the
For the hand that rocks the cra - dle Is the hand that rocks..... the

cres. *ten.* *ritard.*

world.
world.

mf *poco ritard.*

3

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, O keep the child soul open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the Ages
Are from Mother Love imperaled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

4

Darling girls, with Eden music
Ringin' yet in each young heart,
Learn and treasure household knowledge,
Precious in life's future part,
When you'll too, exulting mothers,
Bravely boyed and gently girl'd,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

5

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky,
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever more are curied;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

